



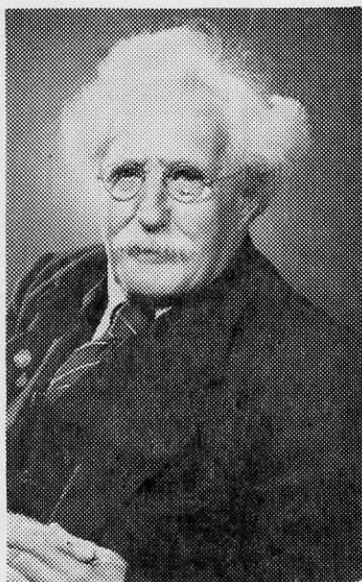
18th Battalion Association

POEMS

by the late

Sgt. Fred Young 53180

1871 - 1954



SGT. FRED YOUNG

The late Poet Laureate 18th Battalion Association

The President's Message



The various Branches of the Battalion Association have gained a high standing of regard in their respective communities by reason of their accomplishments in all spheres of veteran endeavour, and this has been reflected to the Battalion Association generally.

Perhaps no other member made a greater contribution in this respect than the late Fred Young, who up to the time of his death on September 2nd, 1954, had been Secretary-Treasurer of the General Council. The Poems he wrote, down through the years, have become a part of the Association, and, indeed, have given stimulus and encouragement to all of us. He left a permanent record of these Poems, and Colonel Gordon Ingram, O.B.E., and Major James Baxter, in their generosity, decided they should be published as a tribute to the memory and service of the late Fred Young.

"He was a friend whose heart was good
Who walked with men and understood.
His was a zeal we loved to see
Which wavered not, that asked no fee
For kindness or service done.
And now that he has journeyed on
The good he wrought here never ends
For it lives in the hearts of uncounted friends."



MAURICE A. SEARLE,
President General Council 18th Battalion Association

May, 1956

THE SPIRIT OF '14

Dedicated to the "Fighting 18th" Battalion, C.E.F., 1914-18

In the year of 1914, British bugles blared "Fall in"
And British war drums beat a loud tattoo,
Throughout the British Empire rang the clarion call to arms,
"Your King and Country now are needing you."
We heard that call in Canada, Land of the Maple Leaf,
Where harvests ripen 'neath a Western sun,
With heart and voice unanimous we flashed the message back
"We have heard you, Mother England, here we come."

'Twas not for martial glory we rallied round the Flag,
We knew the price war's victims had to pay,
An empty sleeve, a stiff set knee, a wooden cross "Out There"
But the stern command of "Duty" showed the way.
The record has been written and fond memory oft recalls
The camp, the bivouac, "esprit-de-corps"
The shoulder touch of Comrades in the old "Fighting 18th"
Of a truth, "Their memory liveth evermore."

And when in 1939 war's bugles blared again
And most of us had grown too old to fight,
Our sons and daughters heard the call and rallied round the Flag
And with fearless hearts defied Herr Hitler's might.
Again the moving finger writes. When bugles sound "Cease Fire,"
On the page of Empire History will be seen,
How sons and daughters of Old Pals have carried high "The Torch"
And maintained the deathless "SPIRIT OF '14."

THE KAISER WILL BE WISER WHEN THE ALLIES REACH BERLIN

Old Emperor Bill would have the world believe he knows it all,
And that he rules this universe, all creatures great and small,
So he tells his German soldiers wholesale murder is not sin,
But the Kaiser will be wiser when the allies reach Berlin.

He's forgotten that in olden times 'twas written in God's Word,
That "He who taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword."
Tho' his victims' cries are drowned just now by battle's awful din,
But the Kaiser will be wiser when the allies reach Berlin.

HOME GUARD, ATTENTION!

"Let the Hand That's in the Pocket Help the Hand That Holds the Gun."

Throughout the British Empire there have sounded war's alarms,
And true to past traditions her brave sons have sprung to arms;
They have left their homes and loved ones, plunging into war's dark night;
To inscribe on freedom's banner, "British might upholds the right."
They will face the Kaiser's legions and their storms of molten lead,
Depending on the "Home Guard" that their loved ones will be fed.
Now comrades of the Home Guard, your duty must be done;
Let the hand that's in the pocket help the hand that holds the gun.

We cheered them to the echo as they bravely marched away,
And the band played "Rule Britannia"; we were proud of them that day.
They will do their duty nobly; words will reach us from the front
That in the stress of battle they have bravely borne the brunt.
Let us flash the message to them, "We will care for loved ones here,"
And the Kaiser's despot army will meet men who know no fear;
And they'll flash us back the message, "Boys, we've got them on the run,
If the hand that's in the pocket helps the hand that holds the gun."

RECIPROCITY

Foch tells Fritz that the terms laid down will not be modified:
That statement meets approval from the allied ranks worldwide,
For we know what would have happened if the Hun had been supreme,
And the kaiser's knaves and kindred had put through their "kultur" scheme.
We remember how they goose-stepped when they sank the Lusitania;
The tune is changed, they dance now while we fiddle "Rule, Britannia,"
And Foch stands four-square for justice, free from fear or animosity,
Giving Germany her just desserts, "Inverted Reciprocity."

TILL BILL'S SHOULDERS TOUCH THE MAT

There is not a day goes o'er our head, but what an old-time friend
Will say to us, in anxious tones, "When will this long war end?"
And we tell them that in '14, in a bold, prognostic strain,
We wrote these words, and meant them—we'll repeat them once again:
"Our cause is just, in God we trust, let the cost be what it may,
We shall win this fight for freedom, if we fight till Judgment Day;
And this war will not be over, you can bet your boots on that,
Till we've licked the German kaiser, and his shoulders touch the mat."

18th BATTALION GATHERS TO-NIGHT

Poet of Battalion Composes Ode For The Occasion

To-night the 18th Battalion Association of London holds its annual banquet and an ode fitting to the occasion has been composed by the poet laureate of the battalion, Fred Young. The ode follows:

"18th, HEADS UP!"

"Men of the fighting 18th, the bugle's brazen blast
Is sounding 'The Assembly' loud and clear,
'Tis not to meet a hostile foe with bayonet and bomb,
But to 'silent pause' for comrades left 'Out There.'
We saw them meet with courage high a soldier-hero fate,
And we left them 'neath a wooden cross to lie,
And we vowed that we would ever keep their memory in our heart
As, with arms reversed, we said our last good-bye.

"Men of the fighting 18th, 'tis fifteen years ago
Since we mobilized at duty's bugle call,
And for our King and country we kissed the Book of Books
And swore we'd never let the old flag fall.
'Twas not for flash of sabre bright nor pomp and pride of kings
That we gave up all and crossed Atlantic's foam,
But to maintain the blood-bought rights our forbears won for us
And defend that sacred spot, our humble home.

"Men of the fighting 18th, with music and with song,
We'll tent to-night upon the old camp ground.
Sing 'Long, long trail a-winding,' and maybe 'Sweet Adeline,'
Ere the bugle's long-drawn-out 'Lights Out' shall sound.
'Should old acquaintance be forgot' shall make the welkin ring
And we'll sing of 'Mademoiselle of Armentieres,'
And the comradeship of days gone by we forged with links of steel
Shall grow stronger with the passing of the years.

"Men of the fighting 18th, the orders of the day
Are written large, that he who runs may read:
'When S.O.S. shall reach you from a comrade tried and true
'Stand to' to help him in his time of need'
'Tis not to boast of deeds of war we gather here to-night
Or sing proud praise of gilded castle domes,
But, hand clasped hand together, our fealty to renew
To 'The King,' our worldwide empire and our homes."

WHEN THE BOYS ARE HOME AGAIN

Run the flag up to the mast peak, fling its proud folds to the breeze,
For the good old fighting 18th now returns from overseas.
In each man's breast there throbs the pride of duty nobly done,
As they fought to make the world safe from the treacherous, lustful Hun.
When Fritz in might and arrogance cried "Deutschland Uber All,"
They answered back, "While life shall last, our flag shall never fall."
They kept their promise made to us when boarding outbound train,
And there'll be a mighty welcome when the boys come home again.

The home town saw them mobilized, trained, eager for the fight,
And we sent them forth with cheers and prayers to battle for the right.
They brought the Hun down to his knees, in blood and mud and mire,
And were conquerors at historic Mons when the bugles blared "Cease fire."
Some lie out there in Flanders' fields, where blood-red poppies nod;
Their valor kept the Huns at bay, their souls have gone to God.
So let us dry our tears today, and join the glad acclaim,
For there'll be a mighty welcome when the boys come home again.

CAMOUFLAGE

We don't want to be irreverent, but we registered surprise
When the L. D. A., with folded arms, to heaven raised their eyes,
And told to all and sundry that their prayers and supplications
Had reached to heaven and won the war and saved the allied nations.

Things are not really what they seem, we always had a hunch
That the "deeds and sacrifices" of that dauntless, husky bunch
Who lived and died in trenches in the forefront of the fray,
Had won the war with God's good help and not the L. D. A.

BILL'S ABDICATION

They try to tell us Kaiser Bill has given up his throne,
But, we are from Missouri, boys, and until we are shown
That German troops have crossed the Rhine and given up their arms,
We shall put this abdication stuff amongst the false alarms.

It's up to Germany right now to throw away her sword,
For no one this side Potsdam's gates gives one hoot for her word;
And if we let them fool us now about that empty throne,
We're entitled to no sympathy, the fault will be our own.

OPTIMISM

We don't claim to be a Kipling, but we're loyal British born,
And from our soul's depths hate that Prussian brute.
When the war broke out in '14, we were just a rookie raw,
So we donned a stretcher-bearer's khaki suit.
Then we went across to Flanders with the old "Fighting 18th"
And to wounded fallen comrades lent a hand,
While we wrote back home and told them that we'd kept the flag afloat,
Although Fritz was raining shells to beat the band.

When at last he got our number and had put us out o' mess,
We preserved our optimistic views at that,
And we told them, when in hospital, that boys from Canada
Were not beaten till their shoulders touched the mat.
And we humbly thanked High Heaven when the news came o'er the wire
That they'd brought the Prussian bully to his knees;
And in spite of all our losses, there'll be joy tears in our eyes
When the boys come marching home from overseas.

THE ROYAL MAIL

"A letter from loving Lucy, a letter from loving Lou."—Military bugle call.

FRED YOUNG

(18th Battalion Band, En Route To Berlin.)

When the bugle call of "letters" flings its notes out on the breeze,
We know that mail has reached the camp from loved ones overseas.
And we welcome every word we read, for it cheers us, you can bet,
To know we're not forgotten by the friends we can't forget.

We need no further proof to show that things exist today
As when it first was said that "Britain o'er the waves holds sway";
And we're ready on the instant to salute with cheery hail
The faithful men and women who dispatch the royal mail.

The trenches will be won by men that training has made fit,
And the messages of cheer from home will surely "do their bit"
To keep a man in fighting trim; and when we've licked the Hun,
Should have an equal chance to share in glory that is won.

The soldier's life in camp is shaped by bugle calls galore—
"Reveille," "Fall in," "Lights Out" and the good old "Cookhouse Door,"
And the eyes of brave men brighten as the call sounds clear and true,
"There's mail from loving Lucy, boys, there's mail from loving Lou."

Respectfully dedicated to the men and women who handle the royal mail.—
F.Y.

"DER TAG"

There was Allied world rejoicing when the skulking German fleet
That had often boasted loudly of "the day,"
Got imperative demands to leave their safety-first retreat,
And give up their guns and ships without delay.
Gone were all their dreams of conquest, gone their hopes in power of might;
Gone their Prussian motto, "Deutschland Uber All,"
For the Allied world had shown them that God still defends the right,
And a haughty spirit goes before a fall.

REJOICE!

The morning of victory is breaking, the end we have fought for is nigh;
Let the bugles resound to the heavens, let your cheers reach the clouds in the
sky.

The Prussian is beaten and broken, his Allies have bitten the dust,
And the undaunted legions of freedom have thwarted the tyrant's red lust.
We have given our sons and our daughters; they have entered with zeal in the
fray;
We have proven our faith in our heritage by more than a verbal display.
We have prayed to our God for assistance; He has heard us and fought on our
side;
Let us render him praises and homage while our souls thrill with patriots'
pride.

FACING THE GUNS

When the war dogs of Germany slipped from their leash,
Plunging Belgium in sorrow and woe,
They announced to the world that who thwarted their aims
Should no mercy or liberty know.
But the flag of Great Britain was flung to the breeze,
And beneath its folds gathered her sons,
To teach the war lords that their threats were in vain,
While Britons were facing the guns.

They sought not fleeting fame in the cannon's loud roar,
Or cared ought for adventurer's life,
As they sang "Tipperary" through sunshine or gloom,
Each man thinking of sweetheart or wife.
And when almost o'erwhelmed by the German machine
At the desperate battle of Mons,
They were conquerers still, though they yielded up life,
For in death they were facing the guns.

Then the call to the flag reached the ends of the earth,
And the battle flames leaped to the sky,
While from mountain and prairie, from backwoods and plains,
Poured men, eager to fight or to die.
And they vowed that while grass on earth's surface grows green,
Or while through the ravines water runs,
Freeborn men ne'er should yield to the Kaiser's mailed fist,
So today they are facing the guns.

They sing a new song about "Home Fires" kept bright,
And of hearts that at home daily yearn,
While their kinsmen and brothers from prairie and plain
Drill and train "active service" to learn.
They will fight till the honor of maiden and wife
Is secure from the ravishing Huns,
And they'll win through to "Victory" or Judgment Day's dawn
Will find them still facing the guns.

(From Trenches)

"FOR CANADA AND HOME!"

From England's shores the news is flashed beneath the ocean brine,
That Canada's brave sons have gone to join the firing line.
Our hearts are stirred because we know war's toll must aye be paid,
Ere tyranny shall be wiped out, and lasting peace be made.

Reviewed by "Bobs," presenting arms, they stood firm on parade,
Each bayonet pointing to the skies, and silent vows were made,
That while they live, the flag we love to earth shall never fall,
They've gone to carry out their vows, may God watch over all.

POETIC JUSTICE

Talk about poetic justice; we were tickled nigh to death
When we heard that over there in Sunny France,
The powers that be decided that the old rule still holds good,
That the fiddler must be paid by those who dance.

So they took a quarter million of the captured cultured Huns,
And they'll make them rebuild places they knocked down.
If that ain't poetic justice, well it's darned good common sense,
And Fritz will change his views of war's renown.

FOR HIS SERVICE AT THE FRONT

(A resolution passed by Calgary G.W.V.A. asked the Government to grant every man who had fought in France \$2,000. Some of the people have said this is asking too much.)

He was just a common civvie, when the cruel war broke out,
He had never shouldered musket, nor had heard a sergeant shout.
But he had a Patriot's spirit, and his soul was set on fire
When the Hun said that the British flag should fall in Prussian mire.
So he said good-bye to Mother, grabbed recruiting sergeant's pen,
And he swore to fight for Britain at the rate "one dollar ten";
Then he jumped into the trenches, bravely stood the battle's brunt,
And he didn't ask "two thousand" for his service at the front.

When the Hun had got his number, with a chunk of molten lead,
They found him out in "No Man's Land," among a heap of dead.
Invalided back to Canada, 'cross subinfested main,
The home folk cheered and blessed him, crying "Welcome home again."
But they caught him with a bottle filled with whiskey fit to drink,
Then the hometown policeman grabbed him, threw him in the loathsome
clink,
And he drew a three-month's sentence, which he took without a grunt,
But he didn't ask "Two thousand" for his service at the front.

YOU CANNOT KILL THE KAISER WITH YOUR MOUTH

You cannot kill the kaiser with your tongue and lower jaw,
Or by shooting redhot air across the pond;
But if you want to do your bit to help to win the war,
Get in line and buy a great big Victory bond.
The pen is mightier than the sword when used to sign the form
That loans your money for your country's aid;
And a glorious thrill of patriotic pride will fill your breast
When the joybells ring and victory's peace is made.

Just show the boys across the seas you are with them heart and soul
With your coin to help the hand that holds the gun,
Just show them that the home front stands undaunted by the flag,
And will not yield till victory has been won.
We know the foe is reeling from the Allies' hammer blows,
And retreating on the east, and west, and south,
But their armies are not beaten till their shoulders touch the mat,
And you cannot kill the kaiser with your mouth!

A VERSE WITH A PUNCH FROM THE TRENCHES

We have fought 'mid roar of cannon, felt the shrapnel's hiss of hate,
We have seen our well-loved comrades meet a soldier hero's fate,
We've smelt powder burnt in anger; marched with belt and waistband slack,
But we'll see Bill Kaiser damned ere we'll drop the Union Jack.

OUR FLAG

(Written for The Advertiser by Fred Young, A.M.C., 18th Battalion, and dedicated to his comrades of the Battalion.)

Our flag, on which for many a year the sun has never set,
Still floats, a bulwark for the weak, despite the German threat,
On British warships, green and grey, that guard the Seven Seas,
It meets with equal fearlessness the battle or the breeze.

From Southern Cross to Northern Lights, from East to farthest West,
Armed millions rally 'neath its folds, in this the hour of test.
Let the Germans call us Tommies, and in "kultur" say we lack,
But we're ready, aye to do or die, for the British Union Jack.

The homesteader in lonely shack on prairie broad and wide,
At sunrise flings it to the breeze, breast swelled with honest pride.
The British-born it aye protects wherever they may go,
In armed camp, our meteor flag, breathes challenge to the foe.

Though thousands yet may have to fall to save it from disgrace,
Unnumbered thousands still will spring to take their comrade's place,
The Kaiser and his knaves may threat till dawn of doom shall crack,
We'll still sing "Rule, Britannia" and defend the Union Jack.

WHY WE CELEBRATED

"Why did you celebrate?" you ask, there wasn't any peace,
The rifles still are popping, and the big guns didn't cease;
Bill hasn't yet cried "Peccavi!" his moustache sticks up straight,
What was that stunt you folks pulled off, why did you celebrate?

Now listen, pal, we'll tell you why we went and whooped 'er up,
It was because old kaiser Bill, that puffed-up Potsdam pup,
Has realized at last that he can't lick the whole creation,
And when he told the Allies that, we had a celebration.

RETRIBUTION

"King Albert Enters Brussels," when we saw in morning 'Tiser
That headline boldly printed there, we thought of Bill, ex-kaiser,
And the time in 1914 when he told the Belgian King
That he'd stripped him of his kingdom, people, crown and everything.
He boasted that the German flag of kultur ruled the world—
And all who would oppose it into ruin should be hurled;
But the Belgian monarch answered with a spirit calm and whole,
"You have robbed me of my kingdom, but I'm captain of my soul."

There has been a day of reckoning, God, who still rules in his heaven,
Has overthrown the tyrant and his hordes are backward driven;
The humbled Belgian monarch is restored unto his own,
And a loyal rescued people crowd with joy around his throne.
But the hand of retribution overtook the Prussian lord,
For he who taketh by the sword shall perish by the sword;
And the Berlin beast and bully who set kultur as his goal,
Has not only lost his kingdom, but his own immortal soul.

LET US HOPE THEY'LL FLOP HIM HARD!

In the ancient game of wrestling, when the Grecians used to meet,
One day there arose a wrangle as to what should mean defeat.
So they held a general meeting and decided firm and flat
That a fellow wasn't beaten till his shoulders touched the mat.
We are willing to admit that we once wrote those words before,
But we hope that you'll forgive us for repeating them once more,
For the obvious truth we're telling and the point we're getting at
Is, the Allies haven't yet put Old Bill's shoulders on the mat.

In his lair at Amerongen he is living like a lord,
Awaiting Hindy's signal to re-buckle on his sword
To resume his blood red carnage, and he'll willingly do that
Unless the Allies flop him with his shoulders on the mat.
They may talk of league of nations; they may chain their war dogs up,
And give every nation 'neath the sun a pure gold loving-cup,
But they're building castles in the air that some day will fall flat
If they fail to get Old Bill and flop his shoulders on the mat.

THE HAND THAT ROCKED THE CRADLE WON THE WAR

The stern terms of the armistice have now been put in force,
And our lads have wound the watch upon the Rhine;
They have rescued ruined Belgium and redeemed war-stricken France,
And in Germany established their front line.
Some minister and L. D. A. announce in pious tones
That the Prussian downfall has been wrought by prayer,
While a lot of husky fellows crawled from underneath the barn,
Waved the Union Jack and yelled, "We've killed the bear."

But if you go out yonder where the regular fellows are
And ask them what has given us victory,
They will tell you that from mother's breast they sucked their pride of race
And their priceless heritage of liberty.
They will tell you how the thought of home and mother to protect
Nerved their fighting arm on yonder foreign shore,
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world,
And the hand that rocked the cradle won the war.

A SOLDIER'S PROTEST

"Your King and country need you" is a stirring battlecry
That has rallied millions to the flag, firing every patriot's eye.
Each town in our Dominion fair gave freely of her sons
To wear the British uniform and man the British guns.
But some four-a-penny persons told a lawmaker named Hearst,
That they saw a soldier take a drink to quench his natural thirst,
And his soul was filled with anger, tears obscured his sight like mist,
And he said: "I'll put all soldiers on the prohibition list."

And a certain writer tells us we are honored by that act,
But that chap won't wear the khaki, you can bank strong on that fact.
When a man becomes a soldier why should critics interfere,
To make a chap an outcast 'cause he wants a glass of beer?
The meanest bum that walks the street can have his 'arf and 'arf,
And when he meets a soldier hands him out a real horse laugh:
"Your King and country need you," pal, to meet the German fist,
But when you don the khaki, chum, you're on the Indian list."

WILL SOMEONE TELL THE PROFITEERS THE GUNS HAVE CEASED TO ROAR?

We hear so many rumors that we don't know where we are at,
But the armistice has been renewed, we are fairly sure of that,
The Allies hold the winning cards, Fritz has to toe the line,
And our boys wind up the watch each night along the German Rhine.
But the muddlers down at Ottawa won't heed our gentle hint,
That the daily strain put on our purse would wreck a private mint,
For the sky-high cost of living still among the clouds does soar,
Will someone tell the profiteers the guns have ceased to roar?

Like patriots we paid the price when guns were throwing lead,
For we knew that our brave Allies "out there" must be amply fed,
And whether army rations come from Yankee-Land or Cork,
You don't get many pimples on a pound of pickled pork.
But now we claim those boosted prices must be brought to earth,
For we are paying for our "eats" today just three times what they are worth.
We are tired of hearing that old gag, "It's owing to the war,"
Will someone tell the profiteers the guns have ceased to roar?

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Canada

When the war tocsin sounded in 1914
Our fair land promptly offered its aid
And from ocean to ocean brave men sprang to arms
In defence of the flag, unafraid.
From the cities and prairies, from forest and field
Volunteers made response to the call
And in war's fiery furnace they swore solemn oath
That the Flag we all love should not fall.

On the pages of history 'tis writ clear and bold
How in battle they bore themselves well.
At Givenchy and Ypres and Sanctuary Wood,
Vimy Ridge and hard fought Neuve Chapelle.
On the blood soaked and battle scarred banks of the Somme
Their fierce foemen were forced to retire
And Canadian soldiers were victors at Mons
When the bugles sang out the "Cease Fire."

Stress of war has exacted grim toll of our men
That our nation can never repay
And we honor the memory of heroes that fell,
By observing Remembrance Day.
The dead bodies of loved ones who never came back
"Rest in Peace" in a land far away
Yet, methinks that their spirits are hovering near
At the "Silence," Remembrance Day.

THANKSGIVING

Raise the emblem of our empire
To the towering flagstaff high,
In proud memory of our fallen
Men who for our flag did die.
They craved not for martial glory,
But at duty's stern command
Fought and died for truth and justice,
God and home and native land.

While the bells of Sabbath morning
Call us to God's house for praise,
Let the emblem of our empire
Be displayed to every gaze.
When within those sacred portals
We our solemn vows renew,
May the prayers of grateful people
Rise to heaven from every pew.

Pause we, silent, in deep tribute
To brave comrades gone before,
God of heaven, make our hands worthy
To uphold the torch they bore.
Not by rattling sword and saber
Was our empire's greatness cast,
But by aid and loving favor
From "Our Help in Ages Past."

Raise aloft our glorious emblem,
Fling its bright folds to the breeze,
To the far-flung bounds of empire,
On the trackless Seven Seas.
Tell again the thrilling story
How it triumphed over wrong,
Give to God the praise and glory
In a glad Thanksgiving song.

VOLUNTEERS!

The German mask has been thrown down, the mailed fist revealed,
And Belgium seared with battle scars that scarcely can be healed,
The awful carnage that is wrought, beyond tongue's power to tell,
Reminds the world that Sherman once declared that "War is hell."
But England, as in days of yore, again unsheathed the sword,
And aided by the Allies, now defies the German horde
Whose conscript army has to fight, compelled by law and fear,
But underneath the British flag they fight who volunteer!

The sacred cause of freedom must, by free men, be maintained,
And ne'er surrendered be the rights our sires fought for and gained,
The weak must be protected, faithful ever to our trust,
"Thrice armed is he," the poet saith, "who hath his quarrel just."
And mothers, wives and sisters, as they bid loved ones goodbyes
With prayer commend them to His care, who rules above the skies.
No despot forced them to the front. Choke back the rising tear,
For underneath the British flag they fight who volunteer.

IT SHALL NOT PASS UNHEEDED

(Written and Dedicated to the London Red Cross by Fred Young,
18th Battalion.)

A call for help is sounding through the streets of the home town,
From brave women with a Red Cross on their breasts.
It shall not pass unheeded—duty prompts our hearts to give
To the tried and true who stood the fiery tests.
Cold type can never fully tell their deeds of sacrifice
And their self-denying acts of help and cheer,
But on the scrolls in Heaven above, recording angels' hands
Have written them in letters bold and clear.

The Red Cross in the battle zone, God, how they proved their worth!
The hand of death their souls could not appall;
Their broken bodies buried there shall consecrate that earth
Till they rise for their reward at Gabriel's call.
Ask your war-torn heroes what they owe to Red Cross loving care,
And hear their words of gratitude and praise;
Then give your best, and unto you the best shall be returned
In blessings that will brighten coming days.

A SOLDIER'S REACTION TO RECENT RESOLUTION

Editor, The Border Cities Star,

Sir: This is an old soldier's reaction to the resolution passed by the Chamber of Commerce at Halifax recently, asking that Remembrance Day be restricted to a period of "two minutes' silence."

REMEMBRANCE DAY

The gods of greed stalk through our land
Like juggernauts of old,
And fain would crush Remembrance Day
Beneath their lust for gold.
"Gold, gold," they cry, "why should we halt
Our ceaseless quest for wealth?
Forget the war, forget the men
Who gave up life and health."

There is no room for gratitude
When "Commerce" counts the cost,
Remembrance Day as Holy Day,
It counts that day as lost.
"Two minutes' silence," "Commerce" says,
"Is all the debt we owe
To men who saved our heritage
From grasp of ruthless foe."

"Ill fares the land," the poet says,
"To hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth increases, but where men
(For greed of gold) decay."
Though kings of "Commerce" flaunt their wealth,
Admired by fawning crowd,
There is no "Commerce" in the grave,
Nor pocket in a shroud.

Shall we bow down to golden calves
And men who lust for gold?
Shall we forget those valiant hearts
Who sleep in foreign mould?
"If we break faith," may God above,
Who spared us in the fray,
Forget us, when the Roll is called
On "His Remembrance Day."

ARMISTICE DAY

(The Return of the Dove of Peace)

'Twas on a dull November morn; the world was wracked with war,
From Flanders' Fields the Dove of Peace had wandered wide and far.
But homeward bound o'er battlefields she winged her way apace
And, poised aloft on weary wings, besought her nesting place.

The gentle beating of her wings was heard the wide world round
And, as she hovered hesitant, above the shell-torn ground,
Brave women wept, and strong men prayed that God His aid would lend
To hold in leash the dogs of war that Peace Dove might descend.

Stout hearts were gripped with pulseless hush, silent as falling tear
While hope that springs eternally, fought hard 'gainst clutching fear
When, swift as light, the glad news flashed o'er Flanders' Fields of mire
"The Dove of Peace has reached her nest, blow bugles! blow, 'Cease Fire.' "

From countless millions' happy throats arose a mighty voice,
In paeans of praise to Heaven above, they sang, "Rejoice, Rejoice."
And while the Stream of Time shall roll, praise ne'er to Him shall cease,
Who on that dull November morn returned the Dove of Peace.

GOING UP!

We can scarcely blame the Government, now the war is o'er and won,
For getting rid of useless old war stock,
But we registered a mild surprise when folks at Ottawa
Disposed of all those aeroplanes en bloc.
We feel they should have given every workingman a 'plane,
And then have taught the workingman to fly,
So that as the price of victuals soared, he'd have a fighting chance
Of reaching them when they had got sky high.

STICK TO THE GARGLE

(Inspired by an Editorial in The Advertiser)

Ye write, "Stick to the gargle, lads," Hoot mon, an' are ye daft?
Would'na a shipwrecked, drooning mon stick tae a floating raft?
Did aye a body gild pure gold, or paint the lily fair?
Begone we' a' yer fine advice, we'll hark till ye nae mair.
Dy ye canna get "three fingers" though your breath were well nigh gone?
"We're fairly weel in health the day, we have nae got the flu,
But if we could reach the "gargle," ye can bet we'd "stick" like glue.

WE'RE DOING FINE

(A Tribute to Morning Paper Carrier Boys.)

It was on a winter's morning, and 'twas very early morn,
We stepped into a press-room where the newspapers are born,
'Twas a thrilling sight to watch that mass of shining, whirling steel,
As it gave birth to the world's news that we scan with morning meal.

By the press-room clock, a notice board was hanging on the wall,
It conveyed a written order in a careless kind of scrawl,
As it bade the "Morning Carrier Boys" rise early from their cot,
And at six a.m. each week-day be a "Johnny on the spot."

In a quest for new experience we decided we would wait,
And we saw the boys come trooping in—they fairly "crashed the gate."
"How are you doing, boys?" we asked, when they were formed in line,
And with one accord those youngsters grinned and said, "We're doing fine."

Outside a storm was howling like a pack of hungry hounds,
And every kid must breast that storm on daily morning rounds.
Their routes were scattered far and wide, they were due in school at nine,
And we sure admired their courage when they said "We're doing fine."

Come calm or storm, each week day morn we hear the porch door slam
And we scan our morning paper while the missus cooks the ham,
Though cynics say the world's "nah-poo" and the work-shy wail and whine,
The "Morning Carriers" go their rounds and say "We're doing fine."

(Also entitled "The Morning Carrier Boy")

DON'T WORRY!

With the city dads in harness, and the mayor right on the bit,
Our new nineteen-twenty council all bid fair to make a hit.
They are tackling level crossings and the kiddies' playground park,
And they've sworn to honest goodness that they'll ditch our old
"Noah's Ark."

So what's the use of worrying; if mistakes they make a few,
They are only human men folk, just the same as me or you.
So instead of criticizing those who rule the city roost,
Let's forget our personal feelings and go in to build and boost.

GODERICH INCIDENT AS SEEN BY POET

Editor, The Border Cities Star,

Sir: Re that incident at Goderich last Sunday:

The good ship "Manitoulin," lay in port on even keel,
The mate stood on the for'ard deck, the helmsman at the wheel,
The skipper cried, "Stand by your posts, all hands, and let's away,
To give the Goderich folks a cruise on this bright Sabbath Day."

The deck hands shoved the gang planks out, the mate yelled, "All aboard."
Adown the wharf flowed human streams to where the ship was moored,
But a man stood at the gangway and with spread arms blocked the way,
Saying, "I'm a travelling agent of the Toronto L. D. A."

Then he waved some papers, saying "Wist ye not, ye break the law
When ye would go Sabbath sailing? Every one must stay ashore,
I will not let this vessel cast her moorings from this quay,
For I'm the travelling agent of the Toronto L. D. A."

The skipper stood upon the bridge and cried, "Gadzounds, gadzook,
I'm here to take this craft out on this man-size inland brook.
Look out below, I'm master here, stand clear, don't block the way."
Then the agent said, "And dare ye flout the Toronto L. D. A.?"

The town's chief cop was sent for, for it looked just like a "scrap."
The skipper cried, "Say, tell us, Chief, who is this Toronto chap
That tells us he has papers that won't let me sail today,
And that he is an agent of the Toronto L. D. A.?"

The police chief took the paper and his face took on a frown,
"We cannot buck the laws," he said, "that come from Toronto town.
This ain't a private yacht, you know, in port you'll have to stay,
Or else lock horns with Toronto and the Toronto L. D. A."

The skipper cries, "Avast heaving, I don't want to break the law,
But this is handing me a deal that certainly is raw."
And an irate burgher muttered, as he climbed into his "shay,"
"We don't need Mussolini while we've got the L. D. A."

And so the trip was cancelled, and the gang planks drawn aboard,
For the skipper, law-abiding, took the police chief at his word,
And the papers flashed the news abroad, how crowds were kept at bay
By a single-handed agent of the Toronto L. D. A.

P.S.—In nautical terms, "avast heaving" means "cease work."

"HEADS UP, 18th"—April 15, 1934

"Men of the Fighting 18th," nineteen years ago to-day
We left our homes and those we loved so well,
To learn that General Sherman spoke the plain unvarnished truth,
When he told the world at large that "War is Hell."
But amid war's awful carnage and the groans of dying men,
Who, unflinching, met a soldier-hero's fate,
We saw deathless deeds of valor, and to-day the world proclaims
There is something in a soldier that is great.
"Men of the Fighting 18th!" For a moment memory dwells
On those places where our comrades rest in peace,
And we pay a silent tribute, praying God to speed the day,
When all warfare on this mundane sphere shall cease.
But to-night the Old Guard musters hoping for a happier day
And to sing the songs of "Days of Auld Lang Syne,"
So "Here's to the King and Country," and the "Spirit of '14,"
For there's something in a soldier that is fine.

"HEADS UP, 18th"

Men of the fighting 18th. When our matchless maple trees
Turn from green to flaming red and burnished gold,
They bring back recollections of the Great War's early days—
Vivid memories of those stirring times of old,
When war bugles blared in Europe and the cannons belched forth death,
And the earth was filled with bloodshed, hate and greed,
When our empire was in danger and our country stood to arms,
And the "18th" helped her in her hour of need.
Men of the fighting 18th. This fair Canada of ours
Has seen 16 summer suns and winter snow
Since October 22nd, in the year nineteen fourteen,
When we mobilized to meet our empire's foes.
We asked not "what price wages?" when we volunteered to fight
For God and home, and flag and native land—
But we got a dollar-ten a day, some bully beef and bread,
And sometimes jam, the plum and apple brand.
Men of the fighting 18th. In silence we will bow
For men who gave up all that men can give—
Who fearlessly met foeman at stern duty's clarion call,
That the cause of British justice still might live.
Beneath the flag they took the oath to bear arms for the King,
They kissed the Book and swore "So help me, God"—
They kept the faith, on battlefields they paid the price supreme,
Their deathless courage broke the tyrant's rod.

(Continued on next page)

Men of the fighting 18th. Our hearts to-night thank God
 "He knappeth spears and maketh wars to cease,"
 And to our far-flung empire we our fealty pledge anew
 To stand on guard, come war or lasting peace.
 We seek not "glory's bubble at the flaming cannon's mouth,"
 Nor a marble niche in martial "Warrior's Hall,"
 But should freedom's bulwarks be assailed, we'll mobilize again,
 For we'll never, never let the old flag fall.

DON'T WORRY

When you reach your home at night, dog-tired, to find that round your door
 The "beautiful" has drifted deep, a dozen feet or more,
 Then you grab your new snow shovel and you work with might and main,
 But awake next morn to find the snow has drifted back again.
 Still, what's the use of worrying: see, the sun is getting high,
 And only fourteen blizzards more are due to whistle by.
 A few weeks hence, if all goes well, you'll give full many a dime
 To the iceman, who'll be welcome in the good old summer time.

If you pay undue attention to Professor Porta's dope,
 You will mar and clog your Christmas joy, and hush your song of hope.
 For what's the use of worrying about this old world's fate?
 "To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late."
 If you've kept the ten commandments and embraced the Apostles' Creed;
 Been a real Abou Ben Adhem to your fellowman in need.
 You can smile at Prophet Porta, and all other astral seers,
 And leave the fears and quakings to the soulless profiteers.

Quite a lot of timid people showed real symptoms of distress
 When they heard that Viscount Jellicoe had got an S. O. S.
 From the powers that be, in Britain, urging him to hit the trail
 For the sea-girt shores of Blighty, just as fast as he could sail.
 But what's the use of worrying, although rumors may be rife
 That we're on the brink of war again, and must resume fierce strife,
 If the Bolsheviki say the Union Jack shall cease to fly,
 Trust in God and the British navy, and just keep your powder dry.

Old Farmer Drury, t'other day, told Mrs. Farmer Green
 That kids had ought to go to school until they're seventeen.
 That speech met opposition fierce from every workingman,
 And to Drury's parliamentary tail they'd fain tie one tin-can.
 But what's the use of worrying; Drury's motive is, we think,
 Not to penalize the parents, but put teachers on the blink,
 For he knows that kids of seventeen are rip-snorters as a rule,
 And would drive those spinster teachers daft, if they were sent to school.

DON'T WORRY

Recent news from Amerongen, sent beneath the raging main,
Says that Bill, the old ex-kaiser, is now hopelessly insane.
He spends his time in sawing wood until he strikes a knot,
And then he raves and tears his hair, and swears an awful lot.
But what's the use of worrying? Pride must ever have a fall,
And "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."
That the war lord was an imbecile the allies had no doubt,
But it took slow-moving Dutchmen quite a while to find it out.

It makes a fellow mad clear through, to read that Uncle Sam
Is discounting Canadian cash and giving it a slam
From twelve to seventeen per cent on every dollar note,
It's simply daylight robbery and gets a fellow's goat.
But what's the use of worrying, or threats absurd and rash,
If we don't buy or (sic) goods from Sam, then Sam don't get our cash,
Just cut out all our U. S. trade, and give Sam such a jar
That he'll come here with cap in hand and take our coin at par.

That Yankee admiral's letter reads just like an ugly dream,
And reminds us that the poet said, "Things are not what they seem,"
For it fires a warship's broadside at the Yankee naval head,
And contains some pointed statements that were better left unsaid.
But, what's the use of worrying? Bid your troubled spirit cease,
Truth is stranger far than fiction, be it love or war or peace.
And if Sam can prove his charges are just what he says they are,
Then he gives the world their answer when they ask, "Who won the war?"

Fling wide the windows of your soul to greet this Christmas morn,
For unto us a child is given, a Saviour-King is born.
And though the moon may turn to blood, and earth and heavens may quail,
His promise made on Christmas Morn will never, never fail.
So what's the use of worrying over temporal pomp and pride,
For it will not buoy your spirit when you cross the Great Divide.
But the peace of God will flood your soul in torrents nought can stem,
If your hopes are built on Calvary and your faith in Bethlehem.

With the price of turkey soaring, and the cost of living high,
And the chances ninety-nine to one of Christmas being "dry,"
We are meeting grousing pessimists wherever we may go
Who predict the most uncanny things that mortal man can know.
But what's the use of worrying? There's a rumor on the street
That they're lifting prohibition's lid, the glad New Year to greet,
Now, you and I won't dance a jig, or give three whoops, but still,
You can bet your boots and shoe strings, there are lots of folks that will.

DON'T WORRY

The Border City doctors have decided, so they say,
To give no more prescriptions until after Christmas Day.
The lid's on tight and can't be pried by friendship or by wealth,
And they'll accept no camouflage about a fellow's health.
But what's the use of worrying! throughout the live-long year,
When Windsor folk get ailments, doctors lend a willing ear,
But now that Christmastide has come those medicos aver
That folks who eat plum pudding do not need a doctor's "per."

In municipal voting you will nearly always find
A lot of vital questions of a controversial kind.
In London we have one this year, when voters must decide
If they will pay a slight increase for daily street car ride.
But what's the use of worrying? Though the company declare
That they will cut down wages if they don't get higher fare.
While the men say if their wage is cut no car shall touch the rail,
And your hike from home to workshop will be down the long, long trail.

When you go down to the hydro shop and buy an electric fan,
A heater and a cook stove, and a grill and frying pan,
And you rush them home to good friend wife without an hour's delay,
Then you find they shut the power off from your domicile all day.
But what's the use of worrying; there's no rose without a thorn,
You must bear in mind that hydro power has recently been born.
And is now in lusty infancy, but soon the day will come
When the "white coal" scheme will reign supreme in every modern home.

Election time is drawing near—everywhere we go,
Man grabs man by the button-hole, and then they want to know,
If Smith or Jones or Brown are on the aldermanic slates,
Or who next year will fill the chair, our present mayor vacates.
Such questions are a waste of time, 'tis but a day or two
Till nomination day will place all aspirants in view,
But no horse is safely stabled till the door is locked and latched,
So why try to count the chickens till the eggs have all been hatched.

When you go down to the market square, with basket on your arm,
To roam amongst the motor cars that come in from the farm,
And your heart goes all a-flutter, to hear prices you must give
To the farmers for their produce, so that you and yours may live.
But what's the use of worrying, taking all things by and large,
Though middlemen may profiteer, and farmers overcharge,
And it costs us more to live each day as prices upward soar,
Ain't living more worth while these days, than 'twas in days of yore?

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

In the ancient game of wrestling, when the Grecians used to meet,
One day there arose a wrangle as to what should mean defeat,
So they held a general meeting and decided firm and flat,
That a fellow wasn't beaten till his shoulders touched the mat.

And that's the British slogan in the European strife,
Though it cost us our last dollar and enormous loss of life,
But this war will not be ended, you can bet your boots on that,
Till we've licked the German Kaiser and his shoulders touch the mat.

CHLORINE IN WATER IS INSPIRATION FOR POEM

Chlorine in the city's water supply has inspired Fred Young, of this city, to launch into poetry. He prefaces his poem with the following note: "This is written without prejudice and with ill-will to none. The letters 'P.U.C.' stand fairly and squarely for 'Public Utilities Commission.'" Raise your glasses, gentlemen:

"O water, sparkling water," is a theme old as the hills,
Poets of old have sung the praise of rivulets and rills,
Of brooks and foaming cascades, their song has oftentimes been,
For water's darned good stuff if free from P. U. C. chlorine.

When King David, on the battlefield, with thirst was sorely rent,
He craved for water from the wells where he his boyhood spent.
His captains went and fetched some, though the risk was keenly seen,
For they knew that David's wells were free from P. U. C. chlorine.

In the ancient town of Cana, where our blessed Lord divine,
Turned Galilean water into Galilean wine,
The host said: "Boys, try this stuff; it's the best I've ever seen,"
And the trick was turned, so we have learned, 'thout P. U. C. chlorine.

But if you live in London town, in old Ontario,
When you turn the kitchen faucet and the water starts to flow,
It may look like aqua pura as it flows in silver sheen,
But you'll find the taste is tainted with the P. U. C. chlorine.

But there's one redeeming feature, though the kitchen faucet smells,
Our local breweries still maintain their own pure private wells,
And in our cellar dugout, without camouflage or screen,
We can snap our blooming fingers at the P. U. C. chlorine.

HIS LOYAL LITTLE GIRL

I can't come out to play, Maggie,
I've promised without fail,
To write to my dear daddy
By the very nextest mail.
He's way out on the firing line
Along with General French,
And he wrote and told my mamma
That they all live in a trench.

He says when war is over he'll
Come back to ma and me
Just as fast as ships can bring him
Right across the great big sea.
I shall write to Santa Claus tonight
And tell him dad's out there,
So that when he goes there Christmas
Eve, my dad will get his share.

I'm only five years old, you know,
I can't write very good,
But daddy understands all right,
He told me that he could.
The straight strokes mean "I
Love you, dad," the pothooks mean "good-night,"
And the crosses stand for kisses,
That's the way I always write.

I can write dad's name and number,
Mamma taught me how one day;
I shall put that on the envelope,
So that it won't go astray
When it crosses the big ocean,
And say, won't we all be glad
When the postman gives my letter
To my dear old soldier dad.

THE OCEAN LINERS

The great big ships that go to sea
Are more than just big ships to me,
For on their decks of wood and steel
Are human hearts that throb and feel.

Their sorrows, joys, their hopes and fears,
The choking back of parting tears,
The prayers from home that follow free
"For those in peril on the sea."

And as they sail the trackless deep,
The eye of God doth vigil keep;
He knows that every want and care
And bends His ear to those in prayer

The great big ships that go to sea
Loom large in love and history,
For man has ever scoured the main
In search of health and wordly gain.

Chart, compass, keel, bear well their parts,
But 'tis the throb of human hearts
That makes the ships that go to see (sic)
Seem more than just big ships to me.

BELFAST, June 3.—The United States steamer Balsam, damaged in a collision with the British steamer Graphic off Belfast Lough early this morning, was towed into Belfast tonight.

HE SAID IT

A Yankee admiral has asked for Congress to decide
To build a fighting navy that will equal Britain's pride.
When he asked an old-time veteran if he thought it could be done.
He lit his fag, then smiling, said: "Sure thing, they can, my son,
Those Yanks sure are one active bunch, they won at St. Mihiel,
And their decks were cleared for action when those Huns skulked out from
Kiel,
They have built the Panama Canal beneath the Stripes and Stars,
They can build a fighting navy, but—'THEY CAN'T BUILD BRITISH
TARS.'"

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME!

If London street car men decide to call a general strike,
Then you and I, my worthy friend, will simply have to "hike,"
We do not own a motor car, a Ford or Chevrolet,
And taxi hire by trip or hour we can't afford to pay.
We paid our jitney to the con., and things ran smooth and clear;
Then someone threw a monkey-wrench, and put 'em out o' gear.
And one fact stands out clear and plain, in riot, strike or wreck;
'Tis the innocent bystander that gets jolted in the neck.

GRATITUDE

We were working in the garden at the close of summer day,
When a robin redbreast came and hopped upon the new-turned clay;
We knew what that bird quested, we had watched it oft before
As it feasted on an earthworm, then expectant, looked for more.

We tossed an earthworm near it, and it seized it in a flash,
We looked for usual climax, but the bird with sudden dash
Was winging swiftly upward, for in apple tree o'erhead
A brood of baby robins were demanding to be fed.

The bird stayed but a moment, and then like a landing 'plane,
With outspread wings and fanspread tail, came back to earth again;
Found fresh supply, and with full beak, back to the nest did fly,
Where baby robins' hungry mouths were upstretched toward the sky.

The visits were repeated, till at last the noisy brood
Had ceased their shrill insistence for their share of daily food;
And then that robin redbreast, bathed in sunset's golden rays,
Perched high on leafy bough, sang loud its evensong of praise.

TOUCH OF HOSTILE POWDER MAKES THE BRITISH EMPIRE KIN

The latest news by cable tells how Mustapha Pasha
Has just about decided to pull off a "Holy War";
He has licked the Grecian army, wiped Constantine off the map,
And his finger tips are itching for a European scrap.
He has sent a bold defiance to the dear old motherland,
Who has asked her far-off-lying colonies if they will bear a hand,
And the Maple Leaf has answered, "If hostilities begin,
One touch of hostile powder makes the British Empire kin!"

We are not a warrior nation, though we've learned war's awful game,
We have lived through nights of horror, lit with white-hot battle's flame,
We have heard the "Last Post" sounded over our illustrious brave,
And have learned that martial glory leads but to the silent grave.
We would rather plow our prairies and supply the world with bread,
And watch our maple trees put on their autumn coats of red,
But we'll show Mustapha Pasha if hostilities begin
That one touch of hostile powder makes the British Empire kin!

TIME

In the glorious, gorgeous Springtime, when the Old Time changed to New,
The clocks all leaped an hour ahead, and puzzled quite a few;
The Old Time said 'twas six o'clock, the New Time said 'twas seven.
And the anti-early risers wished the New Time was in heaven.

We have changed again, and now they say the Old Time is the New,
And the New Time is now Old Time put away till winter's through.
But if that New Time in the Springtime should appear again,
We shall go and ask admission at the Home for the Insane.

SLEIGH-BELLS

When a fellow has been overseas, beneath a foreign clime,
Where sleigh-bells do not tinkle in the good old winter-time,
When he returns to Canada, it gives his heart a thrill
To hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells o'er the hill.

In summer time in England, or in land of Sunny France,
There are scenes of natural beauty that can make the pulses dance;
But winter time in foreign clime don't seem to fill the bill
Without the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells o'er the hill.

SANTA CLAUS

The happy days are here again, the wheels of traffic pause,
The streets are cleared to give the right-of-way to Santa Claus;
The little kiddies on the curb, firmclasp'd by parents' hand
Are thrilled with expectation as they near the red-coat band.
The fire trucks scream, loud cheers arise from happy, carefree youth;
The cynic says 'twere better far to stick to facts and truth
We have had false friends desert us without rhythm, rhyme or cause,
But nothing ever shook the faith we had in Santa Claus.

MEDITATION

We indulged in quiet chuckles when we read in big type news,
That old Bill Hohenzollern had a bad attack of "blues."
The kaiserina we are told kept long watch by his bed
And placed with loving care her hand upon his uncrowned head.
She bade him drive dull care away and hope still for the best,
She brought his Prussian orders and, she pinned them on his breast,
But Bill said, "Take 'em all away, it isn't any use,
For they're going to decorate me with the "order of the noose."

AND IT'S ALL TOO TRUE!

EDITOR, The Border Cities Star.

Sir: Below please find a 50-50 combination of truth and amateur poetry. For the benefit of those who do not read amateur poetry, this offering consists of a rhythm that can either be sung or whistled to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green."

We like to boast a bit about our country being free,
But listen for a moment, and I think you will agree,
That we spend a lot of money in this present age and day,
On licenses and permits as we jog along our way.

If you want to drive a motor car, a big truck or a bus,
You have got to have a license or the cops will make a fuss,
You have got to buy a passport, would you travel o'er the sea,
And pay the government "five bucks" no matter who you be.

If you should meet a pretty girl you think you'd like to wed,
You have got to have a license or the parson cuts you dead.
If you would build a little home just big enough for two,
You not only need the lumber, but you need a permit, too.

You must have a yearly license for your boy to keep a dog,
And you sure must buy a license to go hunting in the bog,
If you prefer to stay at home and hear the radio,
You must get a "two-buck" license, for the government says so.

You have got to get a permit if you fain would make home brew,
Or, if you buy beer ready made, you need a permit too.
If you could stay and listen, I could show to you, my friend,
A list of "needed" licenses that seem to have no end.

On licenses and permits now our governments do thrive,
And you've got to keep on buying them as long as you're alive,
And the diggers in the graveyard won't place sods above your head,
Till they know you have a permit from the doctor, to be dead.

ALL IN FAVOR SAY "AYE"

An old-time jingle tells us that the water in the milk,
Used to help the milkman's daughter dress in furbelows and silk;
But the milkman must sell pure milk now, watched by the government,
So they've boosted up their prices, some one hundred points per cent.
And the mothers of wee babies, who for city aid have sought,
Now receive a pint each morning, where they used to get a quart;
This may be a Christian country, but when stunts are pulled like that,
It is tragic for wee babies, and it's tough on the poor cat.

FORGOTTEN PIONEERS

When our pioneer forefathers came to these shores,
An industrious and God-fearing band,
A vast, unbroken wilderness, trackless and grim,
Stood where cities and hamlets now stand.
Then a trip to a grist mill entailed a day's march,
With coarse grain that was threshed by a flail,
But with courage undaunted and faith in their God,
They went forward and blazed their own trail.

But today things are changed. We have Pullmans and planes,
Automobiles and radios and phones,
And instead of trail blazing we spend anxious hours
Planning how to keep up with Friend Jones.
Of our "Standard of Living" we oftentimes boast,
Of swell homes and a full dinner pail,
And we are prone to forget all the hardships endured,
By our forebears who blazed their own trail.

"INQUIRE AT CITY HALL"

One day last June we mentioned how our sundial and our watch
Were having quite an argument down in the garden patch,
For our Waltham had gone "modern," and was trying to set the pace
An hour ahead of standard time, shown on the sundial's face.

Said the sundial to the Waltham, "Say, young man, I like your gall!"
Snapped the watch, "I got my orders down there at City Hall."
And Old Sol, serene and smiling on his age-old, changeless track,
Said, "I ran this course six thousand years before they built that shack."

So there had to be a showdown, for the moon and stars and sun
Held steadfast to the course mapped out when "Time" was first begun:
Till at last our city fathers, weary of their losing fight,
Bade us synchronize our watches with the twinkling stars of night.

So yester-noon to the garden patch we ran right merrily,
And found our watch and sundial both in perfect harmony.
"Can you," we asked Old Sol, "explain this thing to us at all?"
And, with a wink, Old Sol replied, "Inquire at City Hall."

An ancient maxim tells us, "Without fools there'd be no fun."
We can "hand-spike" clocks and watches, but we can't "hand-spike" the sun.
Although Joshua bade the sun stand still in those days of long ago,
No man today can prove Old Sol is sixty minutes slow.

ENGLAND A FORTRESS

Editor, Free Press:

Some time ago Winston Churchill told the world that England was today an armed fortress.

We feel sure that his statement recalled memories of childhood to many a British heart in Canada.

HOLD THE FORT

We recall in days of childhood,
How the Sabbath classroom rang,
With the strains of "Ho, my comrades"
As the carefree children sang.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming"
Sang those children blithe and gay.
Memories of that stirring hymnal
Thrill our soul anew today.

We were taught the need of courage
In the battle against sin.
Taught to fully trust the Saviour
If the victory we would win.
"Onward comes our Great Commander,"
We can hear those voices still
Echoing in that Sabbath classroom
Of the church beside the hill.

In a war-torn, blood soaked Europe,
Crushed beneath a tyrant's hand,
Stalks abroad, a flesh clothed Satan,
Spreading terror through the land.
While his legions shout "Heil Hitler,"
As they march with ruthless tread,
Filling all the tortured landscape
With loud wailings for the dead.

Though the Hun is in the saddle,
God still sits upon His Throne,
And in His appointed season,
He will make His purpose known.
We will trust our great commander,
Who for us has wonders wrought,
By his grace, we'll win the battle,
For he bids us "Hold the fort."
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace, we will."

NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL

—From the Trenches—

This poem was sent to The Advertiser by Pte. Fred Young of the 18th Battalion—"The Poet of the 18th"—from the trenches of Flanders.

"Your King and Country Need You," when that message reached our town
And they told us Kaiser Bill had said he'd pull the old flag down,
Our patriotic fervor rose at once to fever heat
As we heard the band a-playing, "Rule Britannia" down the street.
For the blood of British forbears who had fought on Abraham's plains,
To preserve our homes and freedom flowed like new wine in our veins.
So we answered, "We are ready" to the bugle's "Fall in" call,
As we kissed the Book and swore we'd never let the old flag fall.

Then they drilled us and they trained us through the winter cold and keen,
Our caps and badges proudly bore the numerals "18,"
And ere the springtime's warmth had burst the buds on maple trees
We got our marching orders for a country overseas.
It was hard to leave the home town, but the band in cheery strain
Played "There'll be a mighty welcome when the boys come home again,"
While our loved ones, friends and neighbors said, "Godspeed you one and all,
Show the Germans we are British, never let the old flag fall."

On the shores of Merrie England, the dear old motherland,
The rich and poor, the old and young, extended the glad hand
As we marched through town or hamlet, upland moor or forest glade,
There were always smiles of welcome for the loyal Fourth Brigade.
In the fall we crossed the channel to the war-scarred battle zone,
Where the cannon's mighty thunder rent the air with hostile tone,
But German shells and frightfulness our hearts could not appall,
For we hit the trail a-singing, "Never Let the Old Flag Fall."

We have reached the first line trenches with their sandbag parapet,
We have lived in dreary dugout, cheerless, rat-infested, wet,
We have stood to arms on fire step, through the midnight dark and black,
With bayonets fixed in itching hands to meet the Hun's attack.
We have fought mid'st roar of cannon, felt the shrapnel's hiss of hate,
We have seen our well loved comrades meet a soldier-hero fate.
We've been "gassed" by treacherous foemen, but our vow we'll not recall,
For we'll see Bill Kaiser damned before we'll let the old flag fall.

THE DAYLIGHT SAVING QUESTION

We are told the "Daylight Saving Question" will be settled when
We are voting in December for our Mayor and aldermen,
So we'd like to ask this question ere we start to boost or knock,
"Can't we have long summer evenings without monkeying with the clock?"

'Cos it don't make sense nor reason to go monkeying with the clock
And declare it's "ten" in London Town and "nine" in Caradoc,
We can't blame our country cousins if they raved and tore their hair
When they found their watches one hour slow on reaching Market Square.

One day we rushed to catch a train that was due to leave at noon
And found we had reached the waiting room just one full hour too soon,
And we felt as if we ought to kick ourselves around the block
Or fling our bag and baggage at that tardy railroad clock.

Over "'Ome" in Merrie England, Daylight Saving gets the votes
For it covers the whole kingdom from Land's End to John O'Groats,
And "Over 'Ere" the Daylight Saving Scheme might soon "catch on,"
If it covered the Dominion from Vancouver to Saint John.

We appreciate Life's blessings as they reach us day by day,
We have learned to meet Life's worries in a philosophic way,
But you'll find us in that "Northwing, of the Home for the Insane"
If that "fast" time and that "slow" time in the spring-time comes again.

SLOW TIME—FAST TIME

We are told in Bible history how, upon a distant hill,
To win a hard fought battle, Joshua bade the sun stand still.
And we're sometimes led to wonder if he put things out o' gear
And caused this "slow time—fast time" that we're plagued with every year.
According to Pope Gregory and the stars and sun and moon,
The longest day in Canada comes about the end of June.
And by that selfsame token when the snow lies on the ground
In the chill month of December, the shortest day comes round.
But things have changed since Gregory died, and about the first of May
Or the latter end of April, we now get our shortest day.
By going to the kitchen clock when the kiddies are abed
To handspike and bemuse it till it leaps an hour ahead.
Then in the mild September when the fodder's in the shock
We pay another visit to the poor old kitchen clock.
And for sixty silent minutes hold its inner works at bay
And by that simple method we obtain our longest day.
Oh, the whole darned thing's a headache, and we'd like to know, by gosh,
If that "slow time—fast time" muddle was caused by the prophet Josh.

WILL YA PLEASE MOVE FURTHER BACK

'Twas a wet and windy evening,
Crowds were standing on the street,
They were waiting for a home-bound bus
They were dying on their feet.
It came, loaded to the gun'ale
Like potatoes in a sack,
As they piled aboard, the driver said
"Will ya please move further back."
'Twas an Oxford bus, bound northward,
Past Cathedrals, past the "V"
Standeers were swaying back to back
And some stood knee to knee.
The ladies—may God bless 'em
Stood like martyrs on the rack,
And at every stop, the driver said
"Will ya please move further back."
Every afternoon and evening
On "The People's" L.S.R.
Crowds are herded, worse than dumb beasts
In a railroad cattle car.
The Black Hole of Calcutta
We are told, was really black,
And the victims, like our bus standees
Could not move further back.

LEST WE FORGET

Bound by the bonds of empire,
Bound by a common weal,
Thrilled by a common impulse
Fired with a common zeal:
For two brief passing moments
Silent, we pause today,
Help us, O God of battle,
Lest we forget to pray!
Over the leagues of ocean,
Over the seven seas,
Proudly our flag of empire
Flutters on every breeze
Disdaining all our foemen,
Scorning their loud display
Help us, O God of battles,
Lest we forget to pray!

(Continued on next page)

Reverent, we laud our heroes,
Victors on land, air and sea,
Men who lived up to traditions
Till they won victory.
Proudly we tell our children
How foes were kept at bay.
Help us, O God of battles,
Lest we forget to pray!

Not with a loud rejoicing,
Not in a vain parade,
Thy spirit, Lord, has taught us
From whence comes all our aid.
Thou, who was, aye, our refuge
Draw near again today.
Help us, O God of battles,
Lest we forget to pray.

OH, TO BE A POET, NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

Oh, gentle Spring, oh, gentle Spring,
It is of thee that I would sing.
Would sing of blossoms, bees and flowers
Would sing of April's gentle showers.

Would sing of robins, larks and wrens,
Would sing of clucking, setting hens,
Would sing of buds on sturdy oak,
Would sing of frogs that all night croak.

Would sing of roseate, dew-drenched dawn,
Would sing of green grass on front lawn,
Would sing of morning's glowing skies,
Would sing of gaudy butterflies.

Would sing of childhood's yesteryear,
Springtime, in wooded Warwickshire,
Would sing of England's dales and dells,
Of primrose, violets and bluebells.

Would sing a song of everything,
For poets love to sing in Spring,
Oh, gentle Spring, oh, gentle Spring,
It is of thee that I would sing.

WILL THE LIGHT BE GREEN?

When you stand before St. Peter and he makes a personal quiz
As to how you spent your life when here on earth,
You can't laugh it off and tell him that it's none of his darned biz
For the keys to Heaven's Gate hang at his girth.
You have got to know the answers or you'll get the icy mitt
And his stern command, "'Bout Turn," you will obey,
Then you'll find yourself a-heading for that place they call "The Pit"
With no beacon light to guide you on your way.

So heed a friendly counsel, study well that grand Old Book
That will steer your course to Canaan's Happy Land.
And you'll smile at Old St. Peter when you know your title's clear
And St. Peter will extend the glad right hand.
In our travels yon and hither, in our pilgrimage on earth
We have sometimes fought a hard-fought losing fight.
But our troubles all will vanish like the mist before the sun
When St. Peter gives the nod—and the green light.

THE FLAT POCKET BOOK

My pocket book, my pocket book, how flat I see thee lie,
The green lush days that war-time brought, have now all passed us by,
Those days brought "easy money" and our kite was flying high
But the gravy train is canceled, there's no pie left in the sky.

Big Business and Monopolies have got us by the neck,
The icebox, once so generous, has become a total wreck,
The luscious ham and eggs that one time broke our all-night fast,
Are nought but pleasant memories, day dreams of a by-gone past.

We are told that we're more prosperous than we ever were before,
But from barnyard, shop and factory, everybody yells for "more."
More cash, less work, more pleasure and a cushy feather bed,
We're demanding cakes and cookies, where one time, we asked for bread.

From our household daily budget we've deleted the word "Thrifty",
And demanding full scale pensions as toward old age we drift,
What the whole thing will add up to, is beyond our ken and range,
But there's H-bombs in the offing, so perhaps there'll be a change.

THE WANSTEAD WRECK

'Twas Christmastide, the sun had risen and set
But once, since Christmas Day,
When heavy laden, one hour late
The westbound Flyer sped on her way.

Her passengers, returning home
To loved ones, duty, friends and all,
On Christmas scenes their minds do dwell
As pleasant memories they recall.

And little thought, as they sped on
Toward Sarnia, thirty miles ahead,
That ere ten minutes more had passed
Some would be numbered with the dead.

"Stop Number Five." That message flashed
In terse Morse code along the wire,
For down the track all signals stood
At "safety" for the Evening Flyer.

Someone had blundered, (sic) unless stopped
Old Number Five would meet its fate,
For, through the storm, on single track
Bound eastward, rolled an "extra" freight.

Again the message is sent out,
Dispatcher waits with aching brain,
"Say, Kingscourt, are you at your post?
For heaven's sake, man, stop that train."

An answer comes. It seemed an age
Although 'twas but a short delay,
"I can't, she's just raced past" it said,
"The signals gave her right o' way."

"One more slim chance" dispatcher groans,
To danger, keenly now alive,
And Wanstead gets the warning call
"Stop Number Five, Stop Number Five."

He knew there was no agent there
At night, because the place was small,
But hoped the day man had stayed late
And would be there to hear his call.

But all is still. No answer comes,
Dispatcher knows 'tis now "Too Late."
His heart turns sick, his brain's on fire,
"Crash: Number Five has met the freight."

'Twas awful, tongue can ne'er describe
Nor pen portray the sickening scene,
For twenty-eight met sudden death,
Some two score more had wounded been.

"Misunderstanding" was the cause,
The Flyer's orders said "Go Through"
But lives were lost and homes made sad
At Christmastide, 1-9-0-2.

TIME FOR THE NEWS

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Members of CNIB)

When your eyesight has diminished, and you find you must depend
For your daily news on radio, radio then becomes your friend,
Even though you have to listen, willy-nilly often-times,
To the pleas from "Merchant Princes" for your dollars and your dimes.

"Time for the news," your loved ones say. You turn the dial quick,
And hear a trained voice urging you to buy a watch "on tick."
"A million folks today," it says, "folks just like you and me,
Are wearing watches bought 'on tick' from Rimouski to B.C."

Time for the news. You listen in. "Here is the news, but first
Let me tell you of a soft drink, custom-built for human thirst."
Then from a high-speed microphone he says in tones of silk,
"You can live to be a hundred if you drink our malted milk."

"Time for the news," again you hear, "here is the news, but first,"
And from his nimble, well-trained tongue, a flood of words now burst,
And the folks around you gaily laugh, as he tells them o'er and o'er,
"Cute, cuddly, curly dolls are sold, at John Bull's Hardware Store."

Time for the news. You listen in. "Here is the news, but first
How "Soap Magicians" wash the clothes while wives on couch repose,
And when your ears have tortured been, by testimonials tall,
A woman's voice will intervene, and say, "and that's not all!"

Just possess your soul in patience, 'tis not ours to pick and choose
At long last radio ads fade out, and then "Here is the news,"
And we get authentic news cast be it good or be it ill,
It tells us how the world wages on, from Alaska to Brazil.

BLAZE YOUR OWN TRAIL

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Senior Citizens' Friendship Club)

Our life's journey may well be compared to a man
Who explores tracts of forest, alone,
For we oft find our pathway with obstacles strewn
While no way to surmount them is shown.
And how many there are, who, like "Babes in the Wood"
Will lie down to lament and bewail,
Disregarding the fact that the man who makes good
Must be able to blaze his own trail.

It is easy enough to float gently downstream,
Or to wait for the turn of the tide,
But the "Quick March" of progress that governs our lives,
Shoves the man who stands halting, aside.
'Tis a good thing to know, that we have loyal friends,
And respond to their bright, cheery hail!
But 'tis better to know, that when put to the test,
We are able to blaze our own trail.

When our pioneer forefathers came to these shores,
An adventurous, stout-hearted band,
An unbroken wilderness, trackless and grim,
Stood where cities and hamlets now stand;
And a trip to the Front was a heartbreaking trek,
While the tree-tops were swayed by the gale,
But with God-given courage and compass and axe,
They went forward, and blazed their own trail.

In the annals of history, their name is writ large,
And endorsed by the Great Scorer's hand.
They have given us a birthright more precious than gold,
In a prosperous, free, Christian land.
If we follow their footsteps, inspired by their lives,
The Promise of God will not fail,
And success though elusive, will give the glad-hand,
To the man who can blaze his own trail!

Editor's Note: The old pioneers in the hinterlands of the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts still speak of going to the "Front" when visiting places outside their own district.

RAIN AN' SUNSHINE

There's a lotta sense in hopin'
For a brighter, better day,
But there ain't no sense in mopin'
'Cause the skies are dull an' grey.
Dullest hours of early mornin'
Oftime bring a sunny noon,
An' the weepin' skies of April
Bring us flowers in May and June.
There ain't no sense in whinin'
'Cause your bank account is thin,
Most clouds have a silver linin'
If you turn 'em outside in,
If Hard Luck should dog your footsteps
An' should smite you, thigh an' hip,
Hold your chin up, square your shoulders,
Keep a good stiff upper lip.
If you slip, like Bruce's spider,
Like that spider, try again,
Lady Luck may mock your efforts
But she can't wreck stubborn men,
There's no braver sight 'neath Heaven
Than the man who fights alone
An' carries his own burdens
By just stiffenin' his backbone.

SLOW TIME, FAST TIME

The slow time and the fast time
Are now with us once again,
In Windsor Town, it's nine o'clock
In London Town, it's ten,
Folks living in Detroit's big town
Think they are "up-to-date"
But when their clocks are striking seven
The Toronto clocks strike eight.
But old Si Leffler's rooster
Way down yonder in the barn,
As usual greets the dawn's first streak
And doesn't give a darn
If all the clocks in Christendom
Are running fast or slow
For that rooster's age-old instinct
Tells him when it's time to crow.

(Continued on next page)

The sundial, in the morning
 Greets Old Sol's first golden gleam
 And says "Pardner, some folks here on earth
 *Have gone right off the beam,
 They are telling me it's five o'clock
 When you say "It's only four"
 And Old Sol said "Pal, don't worry
 They've done that fool trick before."
 "They consider themselves modern
 And they think it's really smart
 To handspike clocks and watches
 Just to get a full hour's start
 Over you and I, Old Pardner
 But there is no need to sigh,
 For there's one thing sure and certain,
 They can't handspike you and I."

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Said ex-Kaiser Bill to Hitler: "There was once upon a time
 When I thought that I was riding pretty high;
 In fact, I thought the spike that on my helmet shone so bright
 Would some day make a puncture in the sky.
 We had ravished helpless Belgium, and our troops were smashing France,
 As they forged ahead and blithely sang "Der Tag,"
 But before we reached the Channel we were met by Johnny Bull
 And the men that fight beneath the British flag.
 Now I'm sawing wood in Holland, at a little place called Doorn,
 And the racing bucksaw sometimes strikes a knot;
 The silent night is oftentimes filled with memories of that day
 When I drew my sword and cried, "Meinself and Gott."
 So, Adolf, take a warning, put soft pedals on "Mein Kampf,"
 Or you'll find yourself in one unholy jam,
 For your neighbor France is angry and the British Lion roars,
 And I've heard a growl or two from Uncle Sam.
 Of course, "Deutschland Uber Alles" is a thrilling battle cry,
 But history may repeat itself again;
 Napoleon met his Waterloo, you've heard of Scapa Flow,
 And Drake thumbed his nose at Philip, King of Spain;
 So before you take the deep end, book your passage down to Doorn;
 I'll await you with a brand-new crosscut saw;
 And while we twain are sawing wood, all Germany will say
 "Herr Hitler doesn't live here any more."

THE MESSAGE TO "CARRY ON"

EDITOR: The Border Cities Star.

Sir: Herewith a contribution entitled "Carry On."

'Twas a chill November morning in the year of '33,
It was near 11 a.m. Remembrance Day.
They had gathered by the thousands near the city Cenotaph,
Their "silent tribute" publicly to pay.
They bowed their heads in reverence as their ears just faintly heard
The booming of the distant signal gun.
And as the bugles blew "Last Post" for comrades left behind
Their spirits caught the message "Carry On."

A snowstorm whirled around them, driven by an eastern gale
And their bodies with discomfort were a-chill;
But the "Spirit of '14" again gripped every loyal heart
And their souls sent back the message "Aye, we will."
There are times when burnt-out soldiers feel the burden of the years
And sometimes they wish their earthly days were done.
But their "Orders" come from those whose bodies rest in Flanders Fields,
So with heads erect they bravely "Carry On."

KEEPING THE FAITH

Men . . . of the 18th Battalion
Men . . . who know "esprit de corps,"
Men . . . who stood steady in danger
True to traditions of yore.
Men . . . to whom honour is sacred,
Men . . . who made "Duty" their creed,
Men . . . whose proud faith in the Heritage
Was proven when Empire had need.
Men . . . who beneath Freedom's banner,
Faced death with a joke in their teeth,
Men . . . who each year, proud and silent
At the Cenotaph place Memory's wreath,
"KEEPING THE FAITH" with dead heroes,
'Til the sands in life's hourglass are told,
Men . . . standing shoulder to shoulder
As we stood in those brave days of old.

A MODERN PSALM OF LIFE

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is full of grief and care,
And that Time has brought sad changes
To the faithful Old Gray Mare.

Life is real, we must admit it,
And not always gay and blithe,
But there's very few folks quit it
'Til "The Reaper" swings his scythe.

Man, we are told, is born to trouble,
And his life is short on earth,
Life, 'tis said, is just a bubble
With scant time for joy and mirth.

Tell me, then, why men and maidens
Pledge their love and loyalty,
Tell me why pure-hearted children
Kneel at night by Mother's knee.

Tell me why bright smiling faces,
Sparkle when New Life is born.
Tell me why, when Death embraces
Loved ones, we lament and mourn.

"Life is good," said Old Polonius,
"If we to ourselves are true,"
And all teaching is erroneous
That proclaims a doctrine new.

Let us then be up and doing,
Full convinced that Life's worth while,
And, if trouble should be brewing,
Let us meet it with a smile.

THE CENOTAPH PARADE

Blow the brazen-tongued bugles, unfurl the Old Flag,
Let each man proudly hold his head high,
As shoulder to shoulder we march to the Shrine
That reminds us, men knew how to die.
We are not rattling the sabre, nor flaunting the Flag
Neither strafe we the name of the Huns,
We are honouring the memory of heroes who fell
In the Great War, while facing the guns.

When the war drums were throbbing, stern Duty said "GO,"
And today, Duty beckons us on
To stand with mute lips at the Shrine of the Dead
And pray for the souls that are gone.
Although day's busy mart takes full toll of our time,
At the risings and settings of suns
"We remember" the heroes who gave up their lives
In the Great War, while facing the guns.

As we stand here in silence, proud memory recalls
Comrades sleeping beneath foreign mound,
As in bivouac they rest, where the red poppies grow,
Until Gabriel's "Reveille" shall sound.
And so long as the grass on earth's surface grows green
And through the ravines water runs,
Men will honour the memory of heroes who fell
In the Great War, while facing the guns.

HEADS UP, 18th

October 22nd, 1931.

Men of the Fighting 18th: When the harvest days are done
And our maple leaves in red and gold entwine,
The survivors of the Old 18th stir campfires into flame
To recall the thrilling days of auld lang syne.
We boast not of war's victories, but our breasts expand with pride
When we see our dear old flag float free and grand
O'er school playgrounds, while the voices of our carefree boys and girls
Sing "O Canada, my own, my native land."

Men of the Fighting 18th: The swift tally of the years
Mounts until it nearly totals two decades
Since we formed the old battalion in the year 1914;
But the spirit of true comradeship ne'er fades.
On October 22nd, seventeen years ago to-day
While grim war clouds hovered threatening and black,
We heard our country's call, and like fighting sires of old
We stood to arms beneath the Union Jack.

Men of the Fighting 18th: The war veteran, battle-scarred,
Knows full well the price war's victory had to pay,
And we pause to pay due reverence to the memory of those
Who now sleep their long last sleep in foreign clay.
And in our beloved Dominion, those long lines of tombstones white
In "God's Acre" still grow longer year by year,
As we stand by open gravesides, arms reversed, and voices mute,
Paying "Last Respects" to men who knew no fear.

Men of the Fighting 18th: There'll be "No parade to-day,"
For the drill ground is furrowed by the plough;
No more the sergeant-major hollers, "Now, then, pick 'em up,"
Nor the bugles blare "You Are in the Army Now."
Gone are the days when we foregathered in a "Banker" game
And on the "Crown and Anchor" played a stake.
But the comradeships we forged while fighting for our hearths and homes
Are bright links of steel that nought but Death can break.

